

WHITE INDIA LINEN REMNANTS!

SHORT LENGTHS—MILL ENDS!

Eight Thousand Yards of Them in One to Five Yard Lengths, Worth Regularly 15c, 20c. and 25c.—Beginning TO-MORROW to be on Sale Here in Four Lots, 8c, 10c., 12½c. and 17c. a yard—There is a Saving of One-Third to One-Half in These—There will be a Rush When the Doors Open MONDAY—Buyers Who Want Dress Lengths Can Get Duplicate Pieces.

LEFT AISLE.

We thought we had said so often and so loud that the So Apron Check Gingham was redneered to 6c, that everybody knew it. Every little while somebody wants to pay 8c, though because "they are 8c everywhere." No matter, Madam, what they are elsewhere, they are 6c here.

Extra Heavy Huck Towels, 44x26, 20c. New ones, these.
Hemmed Huck Towels, 19x35, 12½c.
Fringed Towels, 22x12, 12½c.
Another case of the Grand Damask Knotted Fringe Towels. Nothing like them that we have ever seen at the price, 25c each. Size, 23x52.
Full Bleached Turkish Bath Towels, very heavy, assortment, sizes 23x52, and a great bargain, 25c.

Bath Towels, better than you expect, unless you are a regular buyer here, 10c, 12½c, 15c each. Fringed Doylies, 15x15, white with colored borders, also pure white. These are really very good, 60c a dozen.

Napkins, 7½c, \$1, \$1.50, \$1.62½, \$2, \$2.50, \$3 a dozen, all pure linen, the choicest patterns, large size. Buyers will be glad when they see such napkins at such prices.

Special offering of new Table Linens—quality up, price down—37½c, 50c, 62½c, 75c a yard. This new lot is really remarkable value. The truth is that if anything you want to buy cannot be bought cheaper here than any other store in town there is some mistake. Few mistakes made here, though, and those soon rectified. Goods are sold for cash, bought for cash, bought cheap, sold cheap, bought cheap, sold cheap, sold cheap, bought cheap. It runs through the mind like a shuttle, don't it. It weaves a fabric as it works, too, a substantial foundation that this great business rests on.

Oven Linen Table Covers, 42 inches square, including the heavy knotted fringe, 50c each. These table covers are going fast. Most people buy two or three. The chance to get \$1 covers for 50c don't come often.

Upholstery Felt, 2 yards wide, all colors, \$1.

New Lace Curtains, 75c, \$1, \$1.50, \$2 and up.

SKIRTS.

Special in Skirt Patterns, striped outing flannel, one case, 25c each.

CENTRE AISLE—GLOVES.

Six-Button Mosquitaire Chamois—the quality usually sold at \$1—special price here 75c. Chamois Gloves, four large pearl buttons, white, 87½c. Black, also Colored Silk Gloves, patent tips that prevent the fingers from protruding; the price that prevails here is popular.

CASH'S FRILLING.

For trimming Babies' Clothes, Ladies' Underwear and Waists, Men's Night Robes. There is nothing so dainty, so durable, or, wear considered, so cheap. Lace edged, also Hem-stitched, sewed on a cambric band, all ready to use.

SPECIAL IN HOSE—25c.

At 25c Ladies' Hose, high spliced heel, double sole and toes of linen, spun silk finish, super-fine gauge, Hermsdorf fast black. Not a buyer that walks ever saw these sold below 30c, and few if any below 50c a pair. Only 1200 pairs, and to be sure of getting some, better come not later than Tuesday—Monday safer. Children's Seamless Ribbed Fast Black Hose, 12½c. These very cheap. The mounted partner in the importing house died; the estate is closing up business. Hence we are able to sell Hose as above.

FLANNELS.

French Printed Wrapper Flannels, 50c; White Flannels, very great value, 15c, 20c, 25c, 37½c, 50c, 65c; Embroidered Flannels, 62½c, 75c, \$1; Scarlet Flannels, 17c, 20c, 25c, 30c. The prices on Flannels here are largely in buyers' favor.

HEMMED SHEETS.

Marked down—the \$1.50 ones to \$1.25 a pair; these full 2½ yards square, made of best cotton—made carefully. Shrewd buyers have secured a bargain, and sheets are going fast. Pillow Cases, 25c and 30c a pair; Bolster Cases also.

DRESS GINGHAMS, 6c.

New ones, choice styles; there is a marked saving here—come. The SATINES which have sold at 17c—were freely bought for Waists—are now 15c. Cause of the fall—bought more—bought cheaper.

LAWNS.

Rather Printed Jaconets—Some of the prettiest 12½c ones we ever saw—are being sold here at 8c. We cannot too strongly advise promptness. Beautiful Plisse Wash Fabrics 15c, were 20c. Daintily printed Sheer Dimities, 12½c. Soft Sheer Zephyr Gingham, baby styles, 15c.

WINDSOR SCARFS.

Ladies' Windsor Scarfs, Hemstitched, China Silk, cardinal, pink, blue, etc., 15c each; worth coming for if nothing else wanted. New Plaid Windsor specials, 22c, 25c.

HANDKERCHIEF BARGAIN.

A great assorted lot of Ladies' Fine Embroidered Handkerchiefs, 25c ones, a manufacturer's seconds—one of the chances that come to few buyers—12½c each.

RIGHT AISLE—SWIVEL SILKS.

A counter full of them—of wonderful beauty, yes, lovely ones, 33½, 35c, 39c a yard to the

quick. We do not overstate the case. These Swivel Silks have not been sold below 50c and more. The buyer was in New York last week you know, and there was a great opportunity there—Swivel Silks in stripes, Dresden effects, spot, colors and black.

The Plisse Wash Silks sold elsewhere at 55c are here, 39c. A new lot of them. Striped Wash Silks, substantial ones, 29c a yard. Wide Black Brocaded Taffeta Silk, black with black figures, and lovely ones in colors. These two lots of Dress and Waist Silks just put on sale are uncommon. The silk buyer who does not see them will make a money loss.

Interesting values next week in Woolen Dress Goods, and especially in Black Goods.

NOTIONS.

Knitting Silk, all colors, 10c spools, 10c. Never like this, never before so low. Sterling Silver Ends, Satin Book Marks, 19c. Butter Milk, Rosewater and Glycerine Soap, 17c a box. Pear's Scented, 15c; Unscented, 12½c; Cashmere Bouquet, 23c a cake. Baby Skin, Complexion and Infant Soap, 3 cakes. Frilled Silk Garter Elastic, beautiful, this, 25c. Silk Belts, beautiful metal buckles on, 37½c. Wide Ottoman Silk Belting, all colors, 12½c. Belt Buckles of White Metal, striking, 19c. Hair Brushes, solid mahogany back, 37½c. Dress Shields, the usual 25c quality. Stockinet, 10c each, were 1.40 of these, all sold but 300. 120 Sheets of Fine Linen Writing Paper, 15c. 250 Envelopes for 37½c. A Barrel of Moth Balls here, a large bag for 5c. Toilet Paper, large packages, 5c. Ladies' Popular Button Satin Belt. Silk Elastic Stocking Supporters, the 50c variety here in all colors, 29c. Rodgers' Fine Steel Scissors, 25c. Special in Fine White Pearl Buttons, 16 ligne, 8c; 18 ligne, 10c; 20 ligne, 10c; 22 ligne, 12½c; 24 ligne, 15c. Come for these, they are a buy. New Pearl Shirt Buttons, 5c and upward. Howel's Scented Ammonia, 15c a pint; Witch Hazel, 15c.

LADIES' UNDERWEAR.

4 Specials in Bleached Vests, sleeveless, low, 8c, 12½c, 15c, 25c and at 37½c. A bleached hosiery with satin ribbon and silk crocket. This vest sale calls for prompt action. New Percale Shirt Waists, 50c. Good to see.

MEN'S DEPARTMENT.

SPECIAL—Silk Scarfs, Tecks and Four-in-Hand, 17c; nowhere so good at 25c, and worse somewhere at 35c. Men's Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, French finish, 38c a suit. Men's White Undershirted Shirts, every characteristic of the \$1 kind, perfect fit, everything, 50c. One hundred dozen Men's Seamless, Stainless Imported Socks, a bargain beyond comparison, 10c a pair. Money saved here—no mistake about it.

IMPORTANT—Regarding the Artist, Mr. MATZOW

The demand for Pictures has been so great that we were compelled to insist on the Artist staying some days longer—just how long we cannot say, because of his other engagements. We will continue, however, to give a coupon to every buyer of one dollar's worth of goods. This coupon entitles the holder to any picture free. A small charge, however, of 73c to \$2.23 is made for frame. The frames are very cheap, and connoisseurs tell us that the pictures are really very meritorious.

WATT, RETTEW & CLAY,

DEPARTMENT DRY GOODS STORES—BUTTERICK PATTERNS—DEMAREST SEWING MACHINES.

"NO, BOYS, THE LIFEBOAT!"

A Rescue by Storm Warriors on Goodwin Sands.

SAVING LUCKLESS MARINERS.

Clinging to the Wreck by the Cable. Terrible Struggles of the Ship's Captain and Two Mates. True Tales From the Life Savers' Log Books.

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FTER a stormy December night the wary boatmen of Ramsgate harbor are gathered in the look-out houses at the head of the pier, agreeing that it is "likely weather" for disasters and a long strong pull to save some luckless mariners. Spyglasses look seaward, the men behind them both fearing and hoping to catch a glimpse through the clouds of fog of some telltale object far out in the terrible breakers of the terrible Sands. Suddenly a watcher cries, "I see a ship on Goodwin!"

"Where? Where?" shout half a dozen at once, and raising their glasses they can see nothing. It was only a glimpse the man had, and the others try to convince him that he is mistaken. "I am as sure of it as I stand here," he says positively.

"Well, if you saw her once, and are certain of it, once is as good as 50 times." So speaks the coxswain of the surf crew and calls out along the pier: "A vessel on the Goodwin! Lifeboat, lifeboat!"

As the men throw down their work on the pier the harbor master rushes after them and says that there have been no signals nor alarm guns, and the outlook must be mistaken. But the lifeboat has been launched, the tug has passed her cable, and before the master can interfere the zealous boatmen are off. Reaching the line of the lightships outside the harbor, they find a high wind blowing offshore, with heavy squalls of snow; also that the men on the lightships all along the dangerous Sands have been firing guns since daylight and sending up signals for a wreck on the southeast spit of the Sands. The tug and lifeboat push on through the terrible seas running over the Sands and soon discover the wreck settled up on them, her mizenmast gone and the surf breaking over her from stem to stern as high as her foreyard. There are no sailors to be seen lashed to the rigging, and so great is the rush of water over the cabins and decks that the lifeboat men think it doubtful if any of the crew remain on board. Nevertheless they resolve to make a search. The tug tows the lifeboat off to a distance so that she can run in on the lee quarter of the wreck, and with everything ready, the anchor poised to let go the moment the craft gets near the sunken ship, the brave fellows plunge through the sea, driven by a foremast and the powerful current. What awful chances they are taking on the bare possibility of saving life! The boat sails with a speed that means destruction if she strikes the solid wreck. Watching their distance, the boatmen heave the anchor and lower sail, but onward their frail bark flies. Suddenly the man in the bow cries: "Up with your helm! Up with it hard! Sheer off! Sheer off!" Swiftly, but only just in time, the boat answers and bears away from the wreck. It is a close call, for the broken mizenmast is projecting at right angles with the sunken hull and, covered with water, lies in the pathway of the lifeboat. Fortunately it is that it is daylight, for

in the night the outlook could not see it, and the boat would surely be lost. As it is she gets into a bad tangle in the wreckage, but finally swings clear of it by the aid of the current and fetches up astern of the ship. On looking up, the life savers can see three men and a boy crouching under the shelter of the deckhouse, exhausted with wet and cold so as to be completely helpless. For hours they have waited, listening to the sullen boom of the alarm guns from the light vessels, but have given up all hope that those sounds mean salvation for them, when suddenly the lifeboat, with its cheery, wide awake crew, glides up almost within reach. It is their reprieve from a horrible fate, and the blood once more courses warm through their veins. A line with a life buoy attached is tossed from the wreck to the boat, and the life savers haul their craft by the taut line toward the vessel. But the tide must still be reckoned with, and even a strong pull and long pull and a pull altogether barely moves the boat a foot. Then without an instant's warning a tremendous sea rushes over the ship and over the boat, tearing out the very timber head to which the hauling line is attached, knocking down several of the crew and burying the boat for a moment under a flood of water. Far out from the wreck she lifts again, held by the stout anchor cable, and the men spring to their feet. "Are all there?" shouts the coxswain. "All right, all right!" cry the men in chorus. "Thank God! Now at it again, my men."

The anchor cable is the only salvation for boat or crew or the shipwrecked men. Back and forth the staunch craft rides within sight, within reach it may be. But it is useless to attempt to haul her nearer to the wreck, and the captain, to make an example for the two mates and the cabin boy who are his comrades in peril, boldly springs out from the lee of the deckhouse, strips off his oilskin coat and slides down the hawser that held the boat into the boiling sea. In an instant he is torn from the rope, but he tries to swim to the boat. It is useless; he is only a plaything for the waves. He can scarcely keep his head out of water, and the life savers cannot cheer nor guide their boat in the least, to save him. Of what use, indeed, is a lifeboat in such a sea, after all the toil and peril of reaching the wreck? But while there is life there is hope for the sailor; the coxswain, Jarman, stands ready with a life buoy, and when the sheer of the boat and the sweep of the sea bring the boat and the drowning man for a moment near each other he makes a skillful throw and lands the buoy within the captain's reach. Seizing it, the captain soon gets head and arms through, and beckoning the boatmen to follow is swept away again beyond their reach.

With little hope that they would find him alive should they reach him after a long chase they wish him a silent goodbye and turn again to the sufferers on the wreck. At the moment a terrible crash close at hand startles them, and, looking up, they see the tall mainmast of the ship come down with a power that seems to wrench the hull loose from the sand. An appalling cry reaches their ears, and they see another of the desperate men leap into the sea with a rope fastened around his waist. It is the chief mate—a young man and a powerful swimmer. But he is only a sport of the waves and is tossed violently up and down and carried to the end of his rope only to be brought up at last with a jerk that nearly strangles him. The boatmen try in vain to sheer their craft within his reach. Finally the poor fellow, despairing of reaching the boat, tries to climb back to the ship up the rope which still holds him. But that, too, is impossible. His strength is gone, and after two or three failures, during which his cries are most pitiful, he falls back helpless—dead.

The second mate and cabin boy witness these horrors, unable to give a hand to save or to do anything for themselves. In reaching about near the wreck with their boat the lifeboatmen have seized the rope fastened to the ship, which was torn from its fastenings, and once more the craft is holding onto the vessel. The wrecked hull is rapidly breaking up, and the gunwale is only a few feet out of water. A big wave strikes with a force that seems likely to make an end of her, and the mate, in desperation, leaps toward the rope leading to the lifeboat. Fortunately he lands across it, catches a firm hold and works his way to the high prow, which is leaping and falling and tearing violently upon the hawser under the force of the waves. The boatman in the bow cries out to his fellows: "Hold me! Hold me!" and throws himself across the foredeck. With his body half stretched over the side of the boat he grasps the collar of the struggling sailor, who twines an arm around the neck of the life-saver, and sinking back buries his head under water. Two lives are now in the extremity of peril.

The boatmen dare not move to the aid of their comrade for fear of overweighing the craft at that point and capsizing her; but, lying in the bottom, they form a line holding onto one another's legs and the first to those of the man struggling in the water. So in a life and death clutch the boat and all hands are tossed up and down by the pitiless sea for a few moments that seem like hours. Once while the men are all intent on saving the two in the water the large boat of the ship comes driving down upon their little craft, threatening to stave it to pieces, but luckily a cross wave lifts it and sweeps it one side. Finally the boatmen drag their comrade and his burden along to the waist of the boat, where the gunwale is low, and the two are hauled on board.

Meanwhile the wreck has been cleared of everything but the gunwale, and to that the cabin boy clings, calling out in agony: "Save me! Oh, do save me!" Great waves dash over him, but he madly keeps his hold. Struggle as they will the boatmen cannot drive upon the wreck again, and through two floating wreckage up to the ship. At last the boy is torn loose, and apparently lifeless floats on the driving waves out and back, out and back, from the barred hull, past the lifeboat. By a skillful cast of the boathook with a line one of the men catches him by the jacket flap and slowly tows him in. He is placed in the stern sheets apparently dead.

"Now, my men," shouts Coxswain Jarman. "Stations all and look sharp, or we shall be driven upon the wreck."

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WAVING AN ARM FOR A SIGNAL.



BEAU WITH TWO STRINGS.